Kiss

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Kiss

by sourweather

Summary

One word prompt: Kiss

Will and Han get really comfortable with each other after the fall <3

Notes

we live the accidental kiss trope <3 Thanks to RSadlife on twitter for the word prompt for today's warmup!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Pale light through blinds. Cold tile underfoot, sharp pain in his joints, his arm, his cheek. The scent of cheap coffee grounds.

The first week or so after the fall was a bit of a blur. A lot of slurred words and clumsy medical care and general paranoia. A lot of clinging to forearms and not wanting to leave each other's sights. A lot of 'Are you okay? Are you thirsty? Are you here, with me, right now?'

Now they're in a somewhat comfortable limbo. Psuedo-settled. It'll still be about ten days before they're ready to flee the country, but the tiny safe house they've been hiding out in is inoffensive. A step down from that beautiful cabin in the woods, a step up from solitary confinement. Meeting in the middle.

Will pours two cups of coffee into chipped white mugs. Powdered creamer into one, two spoons of sugar into the other. He sets his own, dark and sweet, to the side. He glances up as Hannibal limps into the cramped kitchen area and holds his companion's, light and bitter, out in offering.

"Coffee," he mumbles around his stitches.

Hannibal's eyes are still nearly closed, his hair mussed from sleep. "Thank you," he purrs, lower even than usual, and takes the cup. Their fingers brush in the handoff, it's not unpleasant.

Warm lips. Gentle but rough and chapped from dehydration. They meet, just for a moment. Will smiles when they leave, looking down at his own coffee as Hannibal passes behind him en route to make breakfast.

Will blinks.

His mouth falls wordlessly open. Behind him, he hears the unmistakable sound of shattered ceramic.

Will wheels around to face him. Hannibal has dropped his coffee cup. It lies in pieces on the floor, a small pool of steaming liquid spreading across the tiles. They both step dumbly back before it can burn their feet, but neither man moves to actually clean the mess.

"The hell was that?" Will asks, but to his own ears he sounds more afraid than upset.

Hannibal stares at him, shell-shocked, not speaking. Will scrubs at his face wearily.

"You just kissed me, Hannibal," he accuses when Hannibal doesn't reply. The very act of saying it aloud makes his ears burn red.

The other man looks down at the broken mug, then back at Will. He seems to be just as surprised as Will, which is at once a relief and an annoyance. "I believe it was you who kissed me, actually," he replies.

Will sighs sharply. “No, you leaned in first, I just--” Didn’t stop you? Didn’t want to? Liked it? “I just followed your lead.”

“I did no such thing.”

He scoffs. “I think I’d know it if I decided to kiss you.”

“I didn’t decide to, either,” Hannibal counters. “It felt as though it just… happened.”

Just happened. Natrual. Nice.

Will shakes himself, prying himself from that spot to deal with the debris. He mops up the coffee, disposes of the remains of the mug. Naturally, their first kiss would have at least one casualty. Without really thinking, he prepares another cup of coffee for Hannibal. Automatic, just like their kiss had been.

Hannibal’s plating eggs when Will sets the fresh coffee at his side, over-easy, just as Will prefers. He notes the new cup, smiles at Will, turns his attention back to breakfast.

Quickly, before he can allow himself to overthink it, Will leans over Hannibal’s shoulder just enough to press a kiss to his jaw before taking a seat at the tiny table.

“Thanks for breakfast.”

He can only just see Hannibal’s face at this angle. Just enough to see the sharp grin he’s wearing. Will hides his own behind the rim of his coffee, but they both seem to know that it’s there.

End Notes

thanks as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!!!

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